

Harry Potter and the Title I haven't discovered.

by susie

Category: Harry Potter

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-05 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-05 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:09:56

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,388

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is really rough, and my 1st, and I NEED comments to make it better!

Harry Potter and the Title I haven't discovered.

Harry Potter and the title I haven't discovered yet

>

> These are all characters of J.K. Rowling, except for the Fishers. They're mine, and I like them, so ...yeah...don't take them...yeah...hehe.

>
 Well, this is my 1st fic, and it really stinks, and it's going to be greatly modified and expanded. Right now it's stupid and I realize this. It's a VERY rough copy, and it gets MUCH better. I have it all planned out in my head, but the only other part I've written is smack in the middle, and I couldn't really submit that 1st. Also, if u review (please do!!!!!!) be as mean as u want, because I really need help with this. Thanks, and enjoy (hopefully!!!!)

>

>
 Chapter 1- Number Three

>

> Privet Drive bustled with activity as two large moving trucks pulled into the driveway of number three. Vernon Dursley stepped out the door of number four, his large body struggling to keep up with his beet red face. He walked as fast as his stubby legs could carry him to the house next door, his wife Petunia close behind him. Dudley Dursley followed them, banging his new Smeltings stick on the curb. He had gotten taller in the last six years since he had begun his education he now looked like giant red balloon, about to burst. His Smeltings stick had gotten to short for him, and so a new one had to be purchased. But, however tall he was, Dudley would never be as tall as Harry.
Harry Potter, now 16 years old was just over six feet tall, and fairly good looking. His jet black hair was a little more manageable, and the green eyes in the middle of his face glowed brighter than ever. School would begin in three weeks, and Harry was more excited than he had ever been. This was his last year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, and he was determined to make it his best yet. There was so much more he was allowed to do as

a seventh-year. There was Hogsmeade, and all the priveleges he got from being a Gryffindor prefect. Of course, not as many as his girlfriend, Hermione though. She was Head Girl this year, which he had known would happen ever since he had met her his first year. Hermione and his best friend, Ron, were the other reasons he was excited about the beginning of the school year. Here on Privet Drive, Harry had no one to talk to, no one to have fun with. All he did was mope around the house and get hit by Dudley, who was too big to bother with.

>

> Maybe they'll be someone my age in this family, he thought to himself as they approached the door to number three. Uncle Vernon wrapped as hard as he could on the red door, making the windows rattle.

>
 "Just a minute," they heard a voice call. The door swung open to a smiling face, and curly red hair pulled back away from two shiny blue eyes. She looked about 16, the same as Harry. He smiled. Maybe I'll find a friend on Privet Drive after all.

>

> "I'm Vernon Dursley," Uncle Vernon said as he grufly extended his chubby hand. "We live next door in number 4. We're..uh...glad to have you in the neighborhood."

>
 "Brynne Fisher," she said shaking Mr. Dursley's hand and wincing under his hard grip. "Why don't you come in?" She motioned them inside the house. Harry had never been inside number three before. The only time he'd seen any of it was when Aunt Petunia had him look in one of the windows for her to find out what their old neighbors had been up to. She hadn't been tall enough to reach it. But, the house looked completely different from the inside. The floors were strewn with boxes, all marked with various mailing labels from the United States. He guessed that's where they had moved from, remembering Brynne's American accent.

>

> They walked into a bright-colored kitchen to find Brynne's parents sitting at the newly assembled kitchen table, sipping ice-cold water to quench the July heat. Brynne's mother had short blonde hair and the same bright blue eyes. Her father had Brynne's flame-red hair, and reminded Harry of a much older Ron. The Dursleys immediately introduced themselves and started showing off Dudley. Harry stood back to watch.

>
 "So what school do you go to?"

>

> "Huh?" Harry snapped out of his thoughts to find Brynne standing next to him. "Oh, I...uh...um..." How could he explain Hogwarts to her? "I go to a private school," he said finally.

>
 "Really?" she asked. "Which one?"

>

> Oh great, Harry thought to himself. How am I going to get myself out of this one?

>
 "Well, actually it's really far away, so...I'm sure you've never heard of it. It's a boarding school too...you won't see me around much come September."

>

> "Wow," she said, her eyes on Harry. "Don't you ever get homesick?"

>
 "Nope," he answered quickly. "If you lived with the Dursleys for 16 years, you'd be itching to get out as often as possible." Aunt Petunia let out a shrill laugh from the kitchen, making Harry wince. "Besides, I've got my best friend and my girlfriend there....what more could I want?" Brynne smiled, and sat on a sofa still covered in

plastic.
>

> "What's your girlfriend's name?" she asked as Harry sat next to her.

>
 "Hermione."
>

> "Is she pretty?"

>
 Harry smiled at the thought of Hermione. Her eyes, the way she'd glared at Ron and himself for all the stupid things they'd done....
>

> "She's beautiful."

>
 Brynne now seemed even more interested.
>

> "Do you have a picture of her?"

>
 "Yeah."
>

> "Can I see it?" Harry smiled and reached for his wallet when he stopped. Hermione's picture...it was one he'd gotten from Colin Creevey, and it was a wizard photo. He couldn't show that to her! It moved! Hogwarts was one thing, but moving pictures was an entirely different story! And how would he explain the wizarding money in his wallet?

>
 "Uh, I guess I forgot it at home," he mumbled stuffing his wallet back into his pocket. "So what school are you going to?"
>

> "Oh, just the public one like everyone else," she replied leaning on the arm of the couch, a bored expression on her face.

>
 "What are things like in America?"
>

> Brynne smiled. "Very different," she replied. "First of all, we don't all talk with accents!" She giggled and then ducked as Harry swung a pillow in her direction.

>
 "Yes, well you sound a bit funny yourself with your accent, Brynne Fisher," Harry said in an exaggerated American accent. She gasped melodramatically and swung a pillow at his head.
>

> "I don't have an accent!" She yelled hitting him again.

>
 "Yes you do!" He said striking her back. "However, I do not!"

>

> Brynne hit him again, and shrieked as he came after her from across the room.

>
 "What's going on in there?" her mom yelled from the kitchen.

>

> "Nothing!" said Brynne, struggling to hold back her laughter. Harry smiled, panting, his hair a mess and glasses askew. He quickly placed them back on his face and peered into the kitchen. Uncle Vernon's face was red with embarrassment as he sent a glare that could pierce iron to Harry. It was too much. He burst into laughter and ducked out of Mr. Dursley's view, collapsing in a corner near the front door. Brynne fell to the floor next to him, tears of joy and laughter streaming down her face.

>
 "Well," said Harry chuckling, "I think I've finally found a friend on Privet Drive." Brynne smiled and was about to say something when Vernon burst into the room.
>

> "Potter..." he forced himself to say through his anger.
"Home....NOW!"

>
 "I'm in for it now," Harry whispered to Brynne as he stood.
"I'll see you later." She waved goodbye as Mr.Dursley grabbed him by
the collar and marched him through the door.

End
file.